



a price to pay

nobusnot

a price to pay by nobusnot

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - Summer Camp, M/M, Other, eddie is too but he's busy being angry, lmao this is v silly, richie's a gay mess

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-26

Updated: 2017-10-26

Packaged: 2020-01-29 13:59:35

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,294

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

eddie can't stand richie and richie's desperate for eddie's attention // summer camp au

a price to pay

Author's Note:

OK SO THIS FANDOM SUCKED MY SOUL AWAY so have this i can't be a serious person

anyway something important tho so OBVIOUSLY the pranks used and the isolation thing is from the parent trap lmao but i cannot think Pranks so here we go the rest is different tho i mean richie and eddie aren't long lost twins or anything well also sorry if i fucked up in the second person pov i just really like writing from it!! but sometimes its confusing so sorry if i messed up

sorry in advance for any typo bc im not planning in editing this ever

Your name is Eddie Kaspbrak and you're used to people laughing at you. Which is, most likely, why you did what you did.

To be honest, you don't even care anymore when people make fun of you; it's an everyday thing, after all. But today, as everyone told you "good job!" and "that's how it's done, buddy!" you felt so, so unusually proud of yourself. Which is, you acknowledge, very ironic. Since this is probably the most unlike-you thing you've ever done.

Perhaps it was the fact you've been away from your over-protective mother for too long. Perhaps, you touched bottom when it comes to people taking advantage of you. Perhaps, you really just despised Richie Tozier enough.

"I still can't believe you did that." Says one of your best friends, Stan, in between giggles, which was already saying a lot. Not because Stan doesn't have a sense of humor, but he's a very complicated person to please when it comes to it. You smile bashfully knowing you caused those laughs. "You have all of my respect for ever and ever."

"Aren't you worried th- though?" another voice rings from your left;

Bill, your only other friend, who was laughing too until just now. "You know ho - ho- how Richie can be."

Yes. You know how he can be.

"I just wanted to give him a taste of his own medicine." You try to sound confident, and by the way Bill smiles back, you think he believed it.

And yes, you *are* worried.

What you did in the first place, was prank the prankster, which was never a good idea. But it's only been a week and you've been tired of him since day one. Always saying gross stuff, bad "your mom" jokes and playing with food at the mess hall.

You decided from the very beginning that Richie was a person who had everything you hated. But as always, you didn't mind him. Of course you'd roll your eyes everytime he opened his mouth, but you didn't bother listening to the majority of it.

What bothered you was when you happened to be his target. You waited for everyone to finish showering because ew, you are not going to shower with so many people; your mom would *kill* you if she found out. This seemed to amuse Richie. Thing is, when you got out and were drying yourself, your clothes were gone.

So, yes, you had to walk through half of the cabins wearing nothing but a towel, trying to hold back your tears and ignoring all the laughs until Bill found you and hurried you to the cabin. At dinner, Richie told you he didn't peek. You were furious.

You didn't understand why. You're so used to this. You're beyond the point of wanting revenge. You had accepted your fate as a target to bullying a long time ago.

But this just didn't even feel like bullying. Maybe because Richie got bullied by real bullies, too. He was just a kid with an obnoxious sense of humor; getting pranked by him felt like a loser was trying to make himself feel better by making a fellow loser feel shitty, if that even made sense.

So you did the next logical thing. Which was... to steal Richie's clothes back.

And you didn't only do that. But you locked him out of his cabin. It wasn't hard, really. You just took the key with Richie's cabin number from the huge chain of keys one of the counselors had attached to his pants. Okay, so it was a little hard. And so unlike you. And so... fun, actually.

You had butterflies in your stomach out of excitement when Richie was the one in a towel. He was making jokes the whole time, of course, but even someone like him was flustered over this. It lasted some good twenty minutes that you enjoyed a lot until the counselor you stole from came in action and asked who did this.

You raised your hand in shame, and in you let the counselor guide you to the director's cabin.

Since it's only the first week, they let you go with a warning.

You felt absolutely terrible. What if your mom found out? What if they called her right now? What if now they would force you to shower with the other kids? What if they force you to do that *and* call your mom *and* tell her you're now showering with the other kids? She'd come to camp to pick you up and have you on quarantine until you're fully "disinfected."

But what welcomed you in the mess hall washed away all of your worries. There were cheers. Pats in the back. There were laughs, but the good kind. Because, *wow*, people smiled at you without no derisive intention.

You didn't mind this. Of course being the center of attention sucks, but it didn't feel like it. It felt like they appreciated something you did and to then went back to their back to their normal activities. Especially a certain someone with certain normal activities.

You make eye contact with Richie during dinner, and he looks at you with a way-too-smug smile for someone drinking from a juice box. He winks. You give him a sarcastic smile as if saying "very mature" before quickly looking away.

And then everything went back to normal. Henry Bowers stole your inhalator the next day, and pushed you, Bill and Stan into a mud pud. So you're just a loser who happened to mess with the world's natural's course and pranked someone back. Big deal? No, not really.

Except that on the second week, it hit you that you screwed up.

You were coming back from swimming class with Stan and Bill. Your mom would kill you if she knew you swam in the river with a ton of other kids, but *hey*, you're in a filthy summer camp, what the hell, right?

"I can't wait to shower and get out of this coat of germs right now."

Bill cracks a laugh at your comment, "It's funny that b- before sw- sw-swimming you were li- like "my mom can bite me.""

"Well, yeah. But that doesn't change the fact she's cursed me and now I think everything's disgusting." You say. "I can't believe my punishment for talking back is three months with a bunch of pre-pube kids. Did you know pre-pube kids are the most gross thing in the universe? That's not really a studied fact, but honestly--"

"Um, guys?" Stan, who has been quiet for a moment now, interrupts your very interesting lecture as he points to the direction of your shared cabin.

Before you or Bill could ask what's wrong, you shift your gaze from Stan to your cabin, only to find your three beds settled *on the actual cabin roof*. The three of you run closer to read the flag that has been placed on the vane. You squint, but you read,

"WAR IS ON, SPAGHETTI MAN."

You gulp.

Your name's Eddie Kaspbrak, you just arrived to summer camp a week ago, and you already have an enemy.

Your name's Richie Tozier, you just arrived to summer camp a week ago, and you already have a crush.

He grabbed your attention the very first day; when he took a pill out of his *fanny pack* (because the kid wears a goddamn fanny pack) and got simultaneously pushed, making all of his pills go flying to shit.

You laughed, which he obviously noticed, and which he obviously didn't like at all. He frowned at you and went back to picking his pills up while whispering something about his mom and murder. You stared at him until two other kids appeared and offered to help him.

You saved a prank for him because you thought it'd be funny. Your best friend Beverly warned you beforehand that it was messed up and that you were a jerk, but as usual, you didn't listen to her.

Eddie Kaspbrak's the kind of person who looks hilarious when mad, but you regretted it as soon as he came out of the bathroom in his towel. He looked like he would start crying any moment now, and everyone pointing and laughing didn't help his situation.

You soon realized you went too far in the first try but hey, that's your forever curse. You just *had* to fuck it up before even *talking to him*. Have you ever even had an interaction with him aside from the visual contact when he was picking his pills up? No, not at all.

"Why didn't you tell me not to do it?"

"We did." Beverly replied to you, rolling her eyes. Your two other friends, Ben and Mike, nod vigorously to her words while they look at you with disappointment. "Several times, actually."

"Even as you were doing it, too", Mike adds. "You're hopeless, Rich."

But boy were you surprised when you got out of the shower and your clothes weren't there. Boy were you surprised when the knob from your door wouldn't turn. Boy were you surprised when Eddie raised

his hand when the counselor asked who was it.

And it was that exact moment, when you were wearing absolutely nothing but a towel in front of all the fucking campers and Eddie admitted to his sins™, that you knew this was the person you wanted to spend the rest of your life with.

You waited a few days to make your move. There's nothing like flirting through a flag and beds on a roof. Beverly, Ben and Mike thought it was dumb. You thought it was incredibly romantic, so you're really disappointed when another week passes, and there hasn't been a response from Eddie.

Of course you share sarcastic smiles with each other, which you like to call *flirting*, even if it's one-sided. Whatever, right?

Your name's Richie Tozier and by week four you've gotten bored of waiting for a response from Eddie.

Your name's Eddie Kaspbrak and you wake up feeling like there's something wrong. Perhaps because your cabin mate Stan is fucking screaming.

You sit up on your bed, about to ask him to Shut The Hell Up, but when you look at Stan, you have to swallow back a laugh at the sight of him freaking out over having his hair absolutely covered in shaving cream.

You don't have time to laugh anyway though, because you're suddenly aware of the white strings crossing the whole room as if they were some kind of laser security alarm.

"What's... what's going on...?" you ask to yourself, at the very same time Bill starts making sounds of disgust. You turn around to find him covered in *syrup*, from his hair to his entire t-shirt. "What. *What*."

"What ha- haunted us?" he asks, looking at his hands and obviously regretting having touched his clothes. You decide not to tell him about the drawings on his face, because you're busy thinking what you might have on your own.

You're about to say you have no idea when you see red hair through the window. Someone with red hair is ducking down so you don't see them spying.

Hm. Let's think. There's only one redhead in the camp. That redhead happens to be a certain someone's friend.

"Richie Tozier did," you whisper to yourself, making the oh-so-terrible mistake of leaving your bed. Just because you didn't wake up covered in syrup or with a bedhair made of shaving cream doesn't mean you're safe. Especially when you just figured out who is behind this. No. You're *especially* not safe knowing it.

You look down in disgust whilst you try to keep your balance as you stand on the pool of syrup that it is the floor. Horror music might as well start playing in the background, because you're about to fucking scream.

You aren't even sure what to do, or where to go, so you just move with the only intention of not standing there like a complete jackass, but of course you trip on a string and almost fall. And you don't even have time to look up to know what's coming, because the next thing you know, a red balloon full of water has fucking landed and exploded on your head. You're too confused by the hit, but not enough to not be able to recognize some giggles coming from outside. When you open your eyes, you manage to see four faces.

Richie and his three friends, who you have considered nice people until now, are outside your cabin. How Dare They.

As Stan and Bill complain, trip into more strings, run into each other and get damped as well, all you can do is scream,

"TOZIER, YOU ARE A PUTRID AND INSIGNIFICANT PIECE OF WASTE AND AN EXCUSE OF A HUMAN BEING."

Your name's Richie Tozier and according to the boy you're crushing on, you're an excuse of a human being.

Beverly, Ben and Mike are actually *crying*, repeating in between endless laughs the words "putrid", "insignificant" and "waste." You don't deny it, it's hilarious and you deserve such title.

You're way too proud of yourself, and in between giggles, you and your friends say, unconsciously "Good morning!" when Mrs. Douglas walks past you to wake up cabin number 22.

Cabin number 22 is the cabin you and your friends assaulted during the night and are currently running out of breath to. Then it hits you.

"MRS. DOUGLAS!"

She stops her tracks right before going through the door, which you have so kindly put yourself in front of. She looks at you like "um, excuse me you little shit" so you clear your throat, look at your friends to gather a bit of courage (which you don't find, because they're laughing *at you* now) and you just improvise, "Mrs. Douglas! What's the most lovely woman in the planet doing on this nice morning?"

Mrs. Douglas fake-smiles, "Aren't you a sweetie, Tozier. Would you now mind moving so I can see what's taking cabin 22 so long getting ready on this *nice* morning?"

She obviously knew something was up, and the defensive way you're covering the door with open arms doesn't help your case. You smile back.

"Oh, well, you see, Mrs. Beautiful." You start with your incredible charms. "One of these three got a *real* bad case of diarrhea and made a horrible and disgusting mess in the floor, ya feel?"

"If one of the campers got sick, there's more reason for me to come in!" she suddenly looks concerned, having believed your every word. She tries to push you away, but you press yourself harder against the door. You hear the red bucket wooble beneath you both. "Excuse me, Tozier!"

"We don't wanna expose a lady to Man Poop!"

"Move right now!"

"*Liquid* man poop! Lots of it, on the floor! The jewish one made it. It's not even liquid man poop worth of our Lord and Saviour, Mrs. Douglas."

"Tozier, please-"

"It's highly contagious."

"Um, excuse me", a third voice appears. A painfully familiar voice that normally, you would love to hear but oh God is this a bad time. "But diarrhea isn't contagious."

To be fair, you deserve whatever comes next. You turn your head just slightly to see Eddie's face as he stands on the other side of the door, looking at them through its window. His hair is obviously still wet, and he's faking an innocent expression over his most likely face of Murder™.

"And actually, I have no idea what Richie's talking about." He continues. "I mean, I appreciate his concern and all, but the three of us insist you come in and see for yourself there's no... jewish man diarrhea here."

"It's actually jewish liquid man poop." You say under your breath, and you hear Stan's voice complaining as the exasperated Mrs. Douglas pushes you out of the way and opens the door.

And the red bucket finally flips over and covers Mrs. Douglas in the black painting you and Ben found in the mess hall. You shouldn't laugh. You can't laugh. You're already in deep shit.

But even Eddie, Bill and Stan crack a few laughs as the lady slipped

through the cabin and crashed against the kids' drawers.

The ending result is Mrs. Douglas on the floor, squirming in syrup, trying to babble a coherent sentence. Your friends dare to peek at the door, and there's just a moment of silence that's only filled by Mrs. Douglas' sounds of misery, and there's when all seven of you just lose it.

You can't stop laughing, but as you hold your stomach and feel tears of laughter forming in your eyes, you try to differ from all the sounds Eddie's laugh. You realize with a faint feeling of sadness that you haven't even heard it, but his face of "I'm about to pee myself" is absolutely adorable.

Too bad their moment of Bonding and Friendship is rudely™ interrupted by Mrs. Douglas resurrecting, pretty much breathing fire out of her mouth and now on her feet.

"*You*." She roars, grabbing your shoulder (very strongly you might as well add) and to your surprise, also grabbing Eddie's. "*And you*."

"Me!?" Eddie complains, bemused. "What did I do?!"

You immediately know something's wrong. "Mrs. Douglas, this is a mistake- Eddie wasn't involved-"

"Shush it! You two are packing your bags!"

Everyone starts talking at the same time. Your friends trying to stand up for you; from your side, Ben, Mike and Beverly are complaining that they can't kick you out of a summer camp and from the other side (with much stronger arguments) Bill and Stan discuss Eddie didn't do anything wrong.

Turns out, you two weren't getting kicked out. You were going to the isolation cabin.

Your name's Eddie Kaspbrak and for a whole month you'll be living in an abandoned, old and scary cabin deep in the woods for something you didn't do.

Mrs. Douglas refused to listen to you. Hell, even Richie was standing up to you, saying it was all his fault. But she dismissed it as a boy being "too much of a good friend."

Good friend, you think, amused. *I want to fucking strangle him.*

You shoot a glare to the other side of the room, where Richie's lying on his bed. Because by the way, you're *sharing* with him. It surprises you that all he does is offer a small smile full of guilt before turning his back on you.

Biting your lip, you shake your head to make your thoughts go away. Nope, you are *not* feeling bad for him. He's a piece of shit. It's his own fault you're both here.

You drum with your fingers on the bed. You whistle. You sigh, over and over. You look at him again.

"So why did you do that?" you give in, and strike a conversation. You aren't craving social interaction, but you've been here for like three hours and are banned from normal camp activities during your stay here. Your friends are at said activities, so you like it or not, talking to Richie was pretty much the only thing you can do to not die of boredom.

Richie himself looks a bit taken back at the fact you spoke to him, so he just raises an eyebrow. "Whatcha mean, Eddie Spaghetti?"

"Do not. Say the word spaghetti at the end of my name." You say, through gritted teeth. "And what do *you* mean, dipshit? What else would I be talking about?"

"Dunno. Are you asking why I'm so amazingly good looking?" he shrugs, and that smug smile of his is back on his face in no time. He hugs his pillow and blows a kiss as he says, "What about Eds?"

"I clearly asked 'why did you do that', so really, your answer makes no sense whatsoever." You just can't believe this person exists. "And no. Not Eds. It's Eddie. And I'm, of course, asking why on Earth you thought it'd be funny to assault me and my friends like that. Like what the hell, dude? Who *does* that?"

"I do, apparently, Eds" he answers with no second of hesitation. "And it was pretty funny."

"You're still not answering my question", you try to ignore the way he didn't care at all about your request to drop that nickname. For some reason you know it'll stick around and the thought sickens you because the nickname sticking around means *Richie* sticking around. "I mean, the clothes thing was shitty. The beds thing was shitty. But entering our cabin during the night, breaking *our privacy*, and doing that to my friends? What's wrong with you?"

"Your privacy." He giggles under his breath, which only embarrasses you. Why is he laughing? You're being serious. "Listen, Eds. If a man goes down, the others must go down with him."

You open your mouth to answer. Maybe to comment on how he said that as if it was a famous phrase but is literally the stupidest thing ever, or to tell him to take you seriously, but instead you just inhale.

"You know what? Forget it." You refuse to look at him, but you're sure you saw his smug face just tug a little into a frown. "I don't know why I even asked."

Maybe because it'd be nicer to learn to stand him, given the fact you'll be living together for a month, but you keep the thought to yourself. You're about to get up to go for a walk when Richie blurts out,

"The war."

You make a face, "What war?"

"Our war", he scrunches up his nose, awkwardly pushing his glasses closer to his eyes as he sits up on the bed. He mumbles a little, as if embarrassed, and says, "Eh, y'know, when I did the bed thing. I

declared war. You never answered."

"Of course I didn't." You frown. "I wasn't going to get in more trouble because of some dumb prank war!"

Richie nods and lets out a snicker, "No... no, I guess not. Actually, now that I think about it, it sounds really stupid that I thought you'd answer."

You stop for a moment. It was the first time you were hearing Richie talking with seriousness, and he even was jittery and unsure of his words. You look at him very carefully, to see if he's fucking with you, but he looks honest.

"So... you were *disappointed*?" you almost can't believe your own words. "You wanted to like, be my friend or something?"

"It would have been pretty cool to make a friend through pranks!" he says, and he sounds genuinely thrilled with the idea. "It's just that you're so uptight all the time, y'know, so when you stole my clothes back I knew it was the start of something beautiful."

You roll your eyes, and fight back a smile, "You could have just said 'hey, sorry for being a dick and stealing your clothes, wanna hang out?'"

Richie seems to consider for a moment, but he shakes his head. "Too boring."

"Would have worked though."

And then, silence falls inside the cabin. You're stuck looking at your dirty snickers, and Richie's busy being quiet for once. Okay, you decide. You can deal with trying to get along with him.

You come to the conclusion he's probably that obnoxious because things aren't great at home or something like that. The simple fact he's at summer camp is proof his home life isn't good. This is where parents send their kids when they don't want to deal with them, after all.

Your case is a very special one. You might have insisted all year long

to come here, but it was only because you found out Bill and Stan were coming and then you would have no one to spend your summer with. It took a lot of confrontations with your mom. In the end, she agreed, but called it a punishment for being mean to her and that he wouldn't last two days without her.

She was kind of right. One month without her and you've stolen a boy's set of clothes and been sent to an isolation cabin to rot for four weeks.

You're a bit tired. You sort of miss your mom. You won't be seeing your best friends much this month. Honestly, this sucked. You were about to lay down and pray for death in between your covers when Richie speaks up again.

"Hey, uh-" He clears his throat after his voice cracks a little. "You like Ghostbusters?"

"...Um, sure. Why?"

"Just looking for things in common." And then he shows you his smile. You've seen him smile many times, but this time it was different. It wasn't a mockery, laughing nor any of the kind. He was just... smiling, showing you that he's actually going to try to get along and that he's a real person. "Wanna go get a snack?"

For some reason, you find yourself awkwardly smiling back as you nod. As you get up he's already opening the door, and before going out, he says,

"Okay, so... hey, sorry for being a dick and stealing your clothes," you roll your eyes when he says this, but you crack a small laugh. "Aw, Eds! That's the very first time I'm making you laugh."

"There it is", it was getting a bit weird, so you're actually glad Richie's original annoying self is back in place. "And don't call me Eds, I swear to God."

Richie doesn't listen. He talks shit the whole way to the mess hall, but you find him a bit funnier all of a sudden.